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# GARLAND

Containing four excellent

## NEW SONGS,

- ✕ 1. Ewie wi'the crooked horn.
- ✕ 2. Tally l O, the Grinder.
- ✕ 3. The Irish boy.
- 4. Molly Rover.



*The Ewie wi' the crooked-horn.*

O Were I able to rehearse,  
 My Ewie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce,  
 As ever piper's horn could blaw.

The Ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
 Wha, had kent her could ha' sworn,  
 Sic a Ewie ne'er was born,  
 Here about nor far awa'.  
 Sic a Ewie, &c.

She never needed tar nor keel,  
 To mark her upon hip or heel,  
 Her crooked horn did ay as weel,  
 To ken her by amo' them a'  
 She never threatn'd scab nor rot,  
 But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,  
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,  
 Was never sweeter to load or ca'  
 Baith to the fauld, &c.

Could nor hunger never dang her,  
 Wind nor rain could never wrang her,  
 Anes she lay an oak and langer,  
 Forth aneath a wreath of snaw.  
 When other Ewes lap the dyke,  
 And eat the kail for a' the tyke  
 My Ewie never play'd the like,  
 But ting'd about the barn awa'.  
 My Ewie never, &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast,  
 Nae honest man could weel ha' wist,  
 For silly thing she never mist,  
 To had ilka year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I gae to Jock,  
 To be to him a kind of stock,  
 And now my laddie has a flock  
 Of mair than thretty head or twa,  
 And now my laddie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,  
 Lest mischanter shou'd come o'er her,  
 Or the fumaist might devour her,  
 If the beast had bade awa'.  
 The Ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
 Well deserv'd baith grass and corn,  
 Sic a Ewie ne'er was born,  
 Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last owk for a' my keeping,  
 Wha can speak it without weeping,  
 A Villain came when I was sleeping,  
 And stole my Ewie, horn, and a'.  
 I sought for her upon the morn,  
 And down beneath the bushy thorn,  
 I got my Ewie's crooked horn,  
 But my Ewie was awa'.  
 I got, &c.

But gin I had the loon that did it,  
 I ha' sworn as well as said it,  
 If a' the world had forbid it,  
 I should gie his craig a thrav.  
 I never met wi' sic a turn,  
 As this, since ever I was born,  
 My Ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
 Silly Ewie stown awa'.  
 My Ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,  
 As Ewie's do when they grow auld,  
 It wad na been sae money fauld,  
 So fair a heart to nane o' us a'.  
 For a' the claith that we hae worn,  
 Frae her and hers sae often shorn,  
 The loss of her we could ha' horn,  
 Had fair stare death ta'en her awa',  
 The loss of her, &c.

But this poor thing to loose her life,  
 Aneath a Villain's greedy knife,  
 I'm really fear'd that our good wife  
 Sall never win aboont awa'.  
 O all ye bards aneath Kinghorn,  
 Call your muses up and mourn,  
 Our Ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
 Is stown frae us and sell'd awa'.  
 Our Ewie, &c.

*Tally I O, the Grinder.*

**I**F ever I marry a wife,  
 I'll marry a widow for fun ;  
 I'll set a cockade in her hat,  
 And then she'll follow the drum.  
 Tally I O, tally I O, the grinder !  
 Tally I O, I O, tally I O, never mind her.

I have a ship on the sea,  
 And I have a pilot to mind her ;



I have a wife at home,  
 And she's a terrible grinder.  
 Tally I O, &c.

If you want to see my wife,  
 I'll tell you where to find her,  
 She is at the back of the door,  
 Playing with Harry the grinder.  
 Tally I O, &c.

There was a wee bit wife,  
 And she had a wee bit daughter,  
 Who had two bonny black eyes,  
 And she was a terrible starter.  
 Tally-I O, &c.

I left my wife at home,  
 And there I thought to find her ;  
 But long e'er I came back,  
 She was off with Harry the Grinder.  
 Tally I O, &c.

My mother went down to the mill,  
 My father went down to find her ;  
 He put her into the mill hopper,  
 And then began for to grind her.  
 Tally I O, &c.

There's never a lass on the land,  
 Nor is there a lass on the sea,  
 There's never a lass on the land  
 Shall be the heart-breaker of me.  
 Tally I O, &c.

## THE IRISH BOY.

**Y**OU lasses of England and Ireland also,  
 Come listen a while, and soon you shall know  
 How I have been wounded, by love I am slain,  
 In the strong walls of Bedlam I'm forc'd to remain.  
 When first I was courted by my loving Irish Boy,  
 He called me his jewel, his delight, and his joy,  
 In fair Dublin city, that place of great fame,  
 When my bonny Irish boy first a courting to me  
 came

He talked of love and he promised to wed,  
 But in a short time after he stole my maidenhead,  
 So maidens don't blame me, I could not forbear,  
 For the loving of my bonny Irish boy I declare.  
 As down in the valleys I chanced to walk,  
 Oh! there I heard my bonny Irish boy for to talk,  
 Where the pretty birds were singing and the larks  
 were soaring high,  
 And my Irish boy was singing with his voice me-  
 lodiously.

His teeth as white as ivory, his hair a lovely brown  
 And on his portly shoulders so carelessly hung down  
 So maidens believe me, my heart is like to break,  
 But never trust a false hearted man for my sake.  
 He packed up his alls and to England did fly,  
 I packed up my jewels & pursued him straightway,  
 And when I arrived in fair London town,  
 They told me he was married to a lady of renown.  
 Oh now in Bedlam I am confined,  
 For the loving of my Irish boy which makes me  
 complain,  
 In the north side of Bedlam I am plain to be seen,  
 This pretty Irish girl her age is sixteen. -

## MOLLY ROVER.

**T**HESE fifteen years a maid I've been,  
 They call me Molly Rover,  
 But o'er the hill I will go this day,  
 To follow my jolly soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

My person it became a weed,  
 It grows upon my border,  
 And carefully I did it keep,  
 And gave it to my soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

Fain would I kiss thy rosy lips,  
 It would make me look the bolder,  
 O no, O no my mother says,  
 You must not kiss with a soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

My sister Jane she loves the wheel,  
 She bad me mind my spinning,  
 Or how could I get married,  
 Who had neither gowns nor linen,

Roundie doundie, &c.

I broke my wheel, I burnt my real,  
 I dang all things out of order,  
 I kilt my coats above my knee,  
 And follow my jolly soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

I followed him from Glasgow town,  
 From Glasgow town to Sterling,  
 And there he got his will of me,  
 I followed him to Dumferline.

Roundie doundie, &c.

My brother said he would take me home,  
 And clad me like a lady,  
 But I thought long to try the game,  
 And would not obey my daddy.

Roundie doundie, &c.

With heart and hand I gave my mind,  
 And played Moll the Rover,  
 But in a crack my mother spoke,  
 And dang all things out of order.

Roundie doundie, &c.

Its over hills and over dales,  
 And over dykes and ditches,  
 I think my laddie got a fright,  
 Before he got from their clutches,

Roundie doundie, &c.

My father he did me pursue,  
 My sister and my brother,  
 But long before they got to me,  
 I was with my jolly soldier.

To my Roundie doundie, &c.

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